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A LETTER  
TO  
MR. MILES:

OCCASIONED BY  
HIS LATE SCURRILOUS ATTACK  
ON

MR. BURKE,

Conveyed to the Public through the Medium of

*A Letter to Henry Duncombe, Esq. M. P.*

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Public envy *seems* to bear more upon principal Officers and Ministers than upon Kings and Estates themselves: but take this as a rule that seldom fails, if the envy upon the Minister be great, when the cause of it in him is small, or if the envy be general in a manner, and takes in all the Ministers of a State, then the envy, though secretly, strikes at the King or State itself.      BACON.

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# A LETTER

TO

MR. MILES.

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**I**F your anxiety to receive the compliments intended for you in this Letter, should not hurry you over the motto in the title-page, you will find, on a comparison of it with your conscience, that I set out with no intention of flattering you. You will therefore be the better prepared to receive at my hands some wholesome truths, which, however unpalatable, even dreadful, they may be, to one lately taken with the Gallic hydrophobia, you will at least affect to swallow, from a sense of the respect due to a medicine of such general repute and established reputation. I grant, Sir, that ushering it to your view in its undisguised shape, may appear rather uncourtly, if not unskilful; but I chuse rather to hazard that censure, than incur the danger of mistake: a fashionable disguise might occasion it to be mixed with some of a very opposite nature, of which you keep such a copious magazine ready

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made up and gilt for the use of your fellow-citizens; and you might hereafter lay to my charge your own error, and say, that under pretence of giving you medicine, I had designedly administered a corrosive poison.

A man, Sir, who has had the hardihood, in the face of mankind, to throw down the gauntlet to Mr. Burke, may deem it arrogance in a person of humble pretensions to pick up the gage: but it is not every thing that bears the semblance of rashness which can be deemed valour; nor every mortification which vanity incurs, that can be considered as the fruits of arrogance. The stupid boy, who flourishes a twig, in token of menace, at a troop of horse marching through the streets, and the person who, with your abject rank, worse fame, and mediocre talents, reviles a Prince, or assaults such a man as Mr. Burke, have equal claims to the reputation of spirit. It is only where powers are nearly balanced, a generous and true courage can be exhibited; to attack those who must despise, or those who are unable to resist us, is alike an act of cowardice. Pride, too, is a never-absent concomitant of courage, whether personal or intellectual: and he must have little pride who, seeing the determined contempt with which that great man looks down upon the minim curs that have so long bayed him,

him, would subject himself, by an injudicious attack, to the same mortification.

Looking to the situation of Mr. Burke, one is at a loss to find, in the whole range of imagination, any adequate cause for waging war against him at this time. Once, ere the refined feelings, the nice honour, the exquisite compunctions which erected a court of preventive justice in most men's bosoms, were vitrified or dissipated by the fire of modern philosophy, any one presuming to call himself a man, would have been ashamed, even with the spur of personal injury to prick him on, to have assaulted a man of seventy years, venerable for talents—venerable for virtues—and rendered, in the eye of true manhood, still more venerable by afflictions, such as few have ever undergone, and fewer still were ever able to endure with fortitude. To his scourge, and, I had almost said their own consciences, I leave the *noble* persons who first broke in on the melancholy indulgence of his woes, since he has condescended to notice them. You, Sir, who move in so inferior an orbit, must content yourself with the honour of a more humble antagonist. You need not look for the comfort of one hostile glance from Mr. Burke; you must content yourself with little better fame than you deserve. If to be talked of—no matter how—



be your aim, you shall not want, in the attainment of your object, such help as I can afford you.

In another point of view, Mr. Burke might have reasonably hoped *to be left to repose*. From gentlemen presuming to a knowledge of letters, he might have looked for an exemption from insult; for to know letters, is to love them; and to love them, is to love and venerate those who have rendered themselves eminent for encreasing the stock of learning. That living supplement of science—that abridgment of all those various branches of learning and talent, any one of which renders other men signal, might surely be permitted, at this time of day, to pass unmolested, even by those who wanted the candor, the feeling, or the genius, to pay him homage. Unfortunately, however, every man who attempts to figure as a gentleman, or an orator, is not a man of learning; nor is every peer a Mæcenas. And it is among orators and peers Mr. Burke has found his most forward enemies.

A third motive to hope for exemption from the malice of party, was his retreat. He had no longer the power to hurt them. To a British bosom that one sentence would once have been enough. But the French philosophy of nature has converted too many of us into savages; and some are fonder  
of



of scalping a dead enemy, or following his defenceless family, to murder them in their wigwam, than of meeting him in full vigour face to face.

I have stated those as reasons why men of worth—men of letters—men of feeling—and, as supposed men of worth, letters, and feeling, peers should not have broken in, with the malignity of party, on Mr. Burke. I do not mean to extend it to you—I do not mean to extend it to others of his adversaries—I do not mean to extend it to any who, on the one hand are peevish, from being disappointed of the rewards they once proposed to reap, from writing in defence of the war; or on the other, to those who are rendered malignant by the utter extinction of all their hopes from a revolution. The cause is different—the effect is the same; and between the rancour of a turn-coat pamphleteer, and the rage of a disappointed Jacobin, there is little or no difference: their hatred of Mr. Burke is alike accountable for in reason, and honourable to him.

I will not weary myself with arguing upon the justice or policy of the war. That is a ground over which you yourself have gone a thousand times in the best manner you could; and I am sorry that your opinion and that of the Minister, on the value of your talents, did not meet; it might have  
secured

secured your assistance to the cause you now condemn, and saved me the mortification of addressing you.—The subject, however, is now at rest: its perturbed spirit has been laid in a thousand shapes by the Parliament and the People:—peace to its manes!—we have no fears either from itself or its issue.

The question of consideration is, why Mr. Burke should be considered as an object of unlimited, endless obloquy—why, filled with all learning, blessed above all moderns with genius, devoting a long life, with that learning and genius, exclusively to the service of his country—and, having rendered as much real service to his country as any other man existing:—filling up in the public eye his situation with dignity, and in domestic life the blessing of all about him—unequalled in discharge of the various connections of father, husband, brother, friend, he should yet be found, at an age when other men are gone to rest, the butt of meagre discontent, the object of vulgar calumny? To produce effects so very strong there must be adequate causes. The solution of this question, however, is very easy; and you, Mr. Miles, can resolve it as well as any one. You can say why his Letter on the provoking attack of the Duke of Bedford cuts a certain description of people so deep; why their rage is greater even than it was when he most obstructed

fructed their plans ; why they are more clamorous at this letter of 80 pages, than they were at that great and unparalleled work, "Thoughts on the French Revolution."

Though I could wish you to profit by this well-meant Letter, I am far from expecting it. Men who are accustomed to act purely upon strict moral principle may change, if the principle be shewn to be erroneous ; but for those who wave about and change sides as best suits the needy convenience of their purses ; in short, for those who act on no principle but avarice and malignity, there is no cure but the *golden elixir* : and as you set too high a price upon your wares, and have carried them hawking abroad to other customers, I fear you must either sink with the side you have adopted, or leave your opinion to find its own natural level. I therefore confess it is rather *at* you than *to* you I write. To the Public, (by which I mean the few who will read your Letter and this) it is that I really and seriously address myself. For this reason I must be circumstantial to a degree which, if I was addressing only *you who are in the secret*, would be useless and prolix. For I am afraid there are many, very many well-meaning people, who puzzled by the ambiguity of words, and blinded by the splendor of delusive plans and systems, dressed out in the gaudy apparel of meretricious eloquence,

have



have yet, after all that has been written, much to learn of the frauds practised upon the public opinion. A little, plain tale, in plain language, unobscured by the "horrible epithet" of revolutionary gabble, may perhaps have its share in sustaining truth, and putting you and your honorable fraternity down.

And here, once for all, let me in justice to myself disclaim the meanness and the arrogance of presuming to prop Mr. Burke. It is too much the custom for the inferior retainers of literature to filch to themselves a share of the honest fame of superior cotemporary authors, by extravagantly praising them. Such meanness I detest; and for me to think of propping such a man (supposing he wanted support) would be arrogance to the full as chimerical as that of you, Mr. Miles, in hoping to wound him with your pigmy shafts. It will entitle me too to some credit for candor, that I declare I never in my life spoke to, or was spoken to by Mr. Burke, nor does he, I believe, so much as know my name, nor is there any one person existing, that I know of, so acquainted with both of us as to mention me to him. What I say is dictated by pure zeal for what I think truth, by great admiration of his talents, by unmixed reverence for his virtues, and by that sympathetic anguish which every



every manly heart must feel for reverend age overwhelmed with calamity.

The French Revolution commenced in a reform which carried appearances so flattering to the feelings of mankind in general, that all ranks and descriptions of people (those who were immediately affected by it, excepted) looked to it with pleasure and hopes : it promised to better the condition of twenty-seven millions of people, to give a new spring to the human mind, and to elevate Man above that state which the supposed prejudices of centuries had prescribed as the highest summit of his exaltation. The wisest and best men in Europe, who have since had melancholy cause for changing their opinion, were won into most rapturous admiration by its alluring smiles ; and the great mass of every country hailed it as the dawn of universal enfranchisement. To one, and only one, it belonged to see what lurked behind this bewitching phantasm. From the very outset Mr. Burke, with an intuition almost divine, foresaw the mischiefs that were likely to follow it : his telescopic eye pierced through the finely painted clouds which skirted the political horizon, and saw the "*dire Ecnephia*" of revolution, with all its tempests and terrors brooding behind them. Soon, as he foretold, the gentle breeze of reform freshened to a gale, and some who scoffed at his predictions,

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began to grow converts to his opinion. It was not, however, till the storm began, that he openly acted on that opinion, and abandoned a party, the leader of which (Mr. Fox) *would not allow himself to be convinced*, that it was time for England to clear ship, and prepare for encountering the hurricane to which this great man foresaw the storm would shortly swell ; or, speaking less figuratively, to take such measures as would secure England, and, if possible, the other countries of Europe, from those horrors and miseries which his sagacity anticipated, which have since come to pass, and the recital of which have wrung the hearts of every man in England, not a Jacobin.

It is not to be wondered at that a Revolution, which, wherever it went, agitated the human mind, so far as to create a kind of sub-revolution in the opinions and dispositions of mankind, should have reached the balance of our political power here, and broken the union of party. But a phenomenon, which struck every one with amazement, was the separation of Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox. They had for twenty-seven years been in the habits of intimacy ; and their friendship seemed to be of that kind which no common circumstance could extinguish. Mr. Fox might, indeed, be called the pupil of Mr. Burke ; for, by his own confession, he owed more to his instruction than to all he had ever collected from books, from men, and

and from his own observations on both. No man ranks higher for natural talents than Mr. Fox: but, on this occasion, he seemed to have been divorced from his usual sagacity. In vain Mr. Burke pointed out to him the ruin that menaced the country from the contiguity of the fire which over-spread France, some sparks of which were falling in our very streets. Mr. Fox could not or would not see them; and Mr. Burke, sacrificing the dearest friendship of his life to the security of his country, abandoned the party, and joined Mr. Pitt, who had already begun to adopt measures of preventive policy against the French infection. On the defection of Mr. Burke, the party crumbled into pieces. Mr. Windham and other respectable Members, preferring public safety to private ambition, and wisely considering, that in struggling who should hold the reins of Government, they might let the fiend of Jacobinism in, who would leave them no Government to hold, came over and left scarcely Members enough to fill one of the Opposition benches.

While this was going forward, "*the French Blood-bud* (to use the words of Mr. Burke) *was ripening.*"---The overthrow of the Throne---the annihilation of the Nobility---the suppression of the Clergy---the confiscation of property, threw the Government into the hands of a motley band



of Legislators, composed of men resembling, in so many points, our most active English Jacobins of the present day, that it is not at all straining presumption to infer, that if the latter got into power, they would in all things act like their prototypes. Under them, France bled through many millions of veins. The property of every man was seized and confiscated to their use; the goods of the manufacturer and merchant; the cash of the banker; the acres of the land-holder; and the hard-earned grain of the farmer and poor cottager were, with indiscriminate rigour of exaction, wrung from their hands; and when impelled by famine, they followed their *all*, and with tears besought a small portion of it to sustain their existence, a charge of the indefinite crime of *incivism* was their answer, and they were either hurried off to the army in a spirit of affected mercy, or brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, who more mercifully ended their pains with a guillotine.

The soil of France was not more prolific in Legislators of the above-mentioned class, than that of England: the trade of printing is carried here to such an extent, and indeed the market so overstocked with books of one kind or other, that a torrent of letters may be said to have in some degree deluged the country, not only filling the legislative currents with an ample tide, but trickling



ling in ten thousand bastard streams on this side and on that, enabling every booby to wet his lips, and boast of his attainments. This with the vast circulation of newspapers which fly about in millions, has one way or other generated a class of Heteroclite beings, of non-descripts, the most contemptible, and yet, without watching, the most mischievous that ever were fostered in the bosom of a state---a set of superficial disputants, with too much learning to be content with their natural level, and too little for the enlargement of the mind---possessing all the arrogance and vanity attendant on feebleness, and all the ruffian ferocity that waits on strength; petulant as low life and half-learning can make them, and filled with all the base and vulgar propensities engendered by malignity or want; discontented with themselves, angry with the world, sullen, cunning, and morose, their hearts torn with the incessant struggles of malevolence and caution---their discourse, a Harlequin's jacket made up with shreds and patches, of insolence, vanity, folly, and profaneness. When congregated together, and confidence opens the sluices of the heart, then they shew themselves. Then the snake of Revolution glistens in speckled terror;---the bolt of caution is drawn, and the soul issues forth at every portal; they laugh loud; they prate of letters and books, and mind, and intellect, and learning, heaven

heaven help the while; they gabble about the Rights of Man, about great Lords having coaches while a thousand poor want meal, and much more of that green shallow stuff, which mantles on the surface of weak, polluted minds. Hence they proceed to the remedy of evils; canvass the justice and expediency of assassination; and then they run on from step to step, till the greatest of crimes is decided to be a virtue of the first necessity. Then the terrors of blood adopt new horrors from their ghastly joy; all the soft foundings of the human face divine incurvate into right lines, and cast themselves into equilateral triangles of meriment, malice, and murder—greatness and worth still the object of their fury.

*Thersites* only clamour'd in the throng,  
 Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue;  
 Aw'd by no shame—by no respect controul'd,  
 In scandal busy—in reproaches bold;  
 With witty malice studious to defame,  
*Scorn all his joy—and laughter all his aim.*  
 But chief he glory'd with licentious stile  
 To *lash the Great*, and *Monarchs to revile*;  
 His figure such as might his soul proclaim,  
 One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;  
 His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,  
 Thin hairs bestrew'd his long, mishapen head;  
 Spleen to mankind, his envious heart possess'd,  
 And much he hated all—but most the best;  
 Ulysses or Achilles, still his theme,  
 But royal scandal his delight supreme.

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No sooner had the Jacobins in Paris shewed the advantages they gained by power, and the enviable portraits of Marat and Robespierre reached our revolutionary gentry here, than each individual swelled with hope of power of the same sort, and the doughty pride of usurpation glistened in every scowling eye. Already they indulged themselves in the anticipated possession of all those *honest* and *virtuous natural enjoyments*, which a total annihilation of law, and the strong arm of usurped power, could afford them—already they had shaved with the national razor \* the whole aristocracy; that is to say, every man of rank, every man of virtue, and every man who had a shilling and refused to deliver it up.—Already they had their sideboards covered with the finest plate, and their doxies' fingers with the most precious jewels from Charing Cross to the Exchange.—Already they had the farmers bringing in their corn to the national store, to receive assignats in return—assignats never to be paid off. Already had every little *Citizen Legislator* filled his seraglio with the most lovely, and because the greater the virtue the greater the triumph, the most virtuous daughters of murdered Aristocrats. Already had so many imaginary rostrums and guillotines been made, as all the carpenters in England could not have finished from

\* A pleasant French phrase for beheading.

that



that time to this : when (not without the counsel and instigation of Mr. Burke) the King called the Parliament, the Members, to a man, filled the House ; measures were proposed to fence against the evils that menaced us ; the whole Parliament (the memorable Minority of thirteen excepted) concurred in every measure proposed ; and the bloody cup which was raised to the lip of the Revolutionist, was at once dashed to the ground.

*Hinc derivata Clades.*

You, I know, will not venture to deny the facts ; and strong must his nerves be, who will venture to deny the inference.

While the very bad men of the state were thus employed, another class, from very different motives, were blindly pulling along with them. Were Mr. Fox divested of intemperate ambition and party zeal, no one would be more forward than myself to allow the purity of his intentions. It is natural to him, in common with all great men, to have a degree of confidence in his power, which experiment, on some occasions, would, perhaps, not justify—he said there was no danger—I believe he thought sincerely it was such as, if it forced Ministers from their seats, he would be able to controul and avert. Certain it is, he could not, with his  
sagacity,



fagacity, fail of seeing there was some danger. Mr. Fox, moreover, is known to be very open to the impressions of designing men. Much as he loved and respected Mr. Burke, the severe morality, and temperate, regular, industrious life of the latter, did not so immediately accord with his habits of dissipation as the lax morals of some others of the party; and there is reason to believe, that the natural animosity which frailty has to rigid virtue, induced some particular persons to foment the political disunion of those two gentlemen. Were there a window in every man's bosom, so that the latent workings of the heart could be unveiled, there is good reason to believe that much repentance and remorse would be seen in that Gentleman's breast, for slighting the salutary admonitions and exhortations of his old friend.

That party, however, still opposed every measure adopted for the preservation of property, life, and the earnings of honest laborious industry, against the summary process of the half-learned, revolutionary legislators; and, though from different motives, Mr. Burke became almost equally obnoxious to them all—to the Jacobins, for having completely frustrated all their plans; to the Party, or rather the tattered remnant, for having gone over to the side of truth, and thereby exposed their political depravity.

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This hatred to Mr. Burke, however, commenced earlier than the defeat of the Jacobin conspiracy. It commenced with his refusal to panegyrize the new Constitution of France. It is always through the heart that the judgment is confounded; and Mr. Fox, who (as the acute Horne Tooke has well said of him) generally sees and seizes more quickly than any other man, whatever will best answer his own immediate purpose at the moment, imagined he foresaw, in the tumult likely to arise, materials out of which he would be able to make a ladder to the summit of his ambition; and some of his party, who perhaps had views of a darker kind, found it their interest to spur him on. The unbounded abilities of Mr. Burke were an engine, which in a trial of strength might be decisive; his inflexible adherence, therefore, to principles so opposite to those of the party, was an offence never to be forgiven, and every art was used, not only to render his efforts abortive, but to calumniate, and even to throw him into ridicule. Attached as he was to the interests of his party, he was too wise to think that its elevation could be built on popular tumult, and too honest to hazard the ruin of his country in any experiment of the kind. He was not, like Mr. Fox, one of those adventurous archers, who would venture for a prize to shoot an apple off his child's head. He knew human nature too well to trust to the gratitude of a banditti, or the moderation of a mob. He, therefore, boldly

ly avowed his suspicion and abhorrence of all abettors of the French, and, after discharging his duty in warning them of their danger, beseeching them to co-operate for the safety of the realm, and endeavouring to demonstrate, that in doing so they would share the honours, and divide the strength of the nation with their opponents, and thereby rise with greater power and better claims upon the nation, from the conflict with the common enemy, he avowed open hostility to his party and their principles *so far*, and threw all his weight into the anti-revolutionary scale.

It was then that malice, misrepresentation, and trick were played off from all quarters upon his fame. It was then that the shafts of eloquence, the dishonest ambiguities of metaphysics, the venom of satire, and the shout of laughter were raised against him. The whole reptile tribe of Revolution, from the great Jiboya, whose size emulates the lofty pine, down to the Scorpion that lurks in the crannies of old mouldering walls, all darted forth to begrime him with their putrid slime, or destroy him with their poison. The luminous genius of Mr. Fox, the wit of Mr. Sheridan, the humour of Courtney, and the whole talents "the hear him, hear him," of M. A. Taylor, were exerted with all their force to render him odious and ridiculous. Courtney punned and played upon the word chivalry, Sheridan kept up the false alarm of the



swinish multitude, and Mr. Fox burst into tears and opened his arms to embrace him. This was a practical trope well worthy of that great man's talents—it had its success: and the supposed apostacy of Mr. Burke in abandoning the party, was aggravated with the additional charge of hardness of heart. Within and without doors, he was charged with inconsistency, and dereliction of his own former principles; and detached insulated scraps from his writings and speeches were cited as proofs of his apostacy.

While Mr. Burke was enduring, with a fortitude that will do honor even to his name, when the name of Miles will be rotting with his cadaver under the clod that produced it, all the calumny of his numerous enemies,—as well those who hated him for unkennelling the Jacobin foe, as those who maligned him for endeavouring to hunt down the herd of Asiatic jackalls—a calamity befel him, which, from its magnitude and suddenness had nearly robbed him of life, and deprived the world of one of its brightest ornaments; a misfortune which made even the hearts of his adversaries relent, and buried for a time their resentment in sympathy for his distress; a beloved brother, the companion of his life, and the idol of all who knew him, died suddenly. The effect upon Mr. Burke's health was well known and lamented, and his regret at being chained down by a paramount obligation, (the prosecution of Mr. Hastings) to public

lic life, which he had resolved to quit, deepened his regret, and rendered his affliction more corroding. Having, at length, discharged his duty to the Commons, and received their thanks, he retired from public life, without any other reward than the consciousness of having, to the best of his ability, done his part; and the prospect of throwing his only son, the inheritor of his virtues, his opinions, and perhaps of his abilities, into the course he had run, with many of the difficulties he had himself met with, removed—and the accumulated wisdom and experience of his long political life, to guide him.

Here the rage of his enemies seemed to rest, and take breathing time. The mortification he was supposed to undergo from the acquittal of Mr. Hastings, seemed to have stayed the stomach of malignity, and the throng were preparing to meet his offspring and successor on his public appearance, with the same inexorable rancour so long shewn to himself. But Providence, as if resolved to rescue sensibility and virtue from the goadings of a vile and ungrateful world, snatched him away, and left the desolate father behind, steeped in misery to the very lips, an object at once of veneration and pity—too venerable and too unhappy to escape the resentment of such men as Mr. Miles.

It was then that the Gracious Majesty of England, with that true wisdom and anticipating goodness

ness which has ever marked his character, despairing to console, but hoping to soothe and mitigate the afflictions of virtue and genius prostrated by the hand of Heaven, proposed to dignify the evening of that Great Man's life with some visible mark of Royal favour, and by well applied munificence to save the heart of the bereft father from the pressure of narrow circumstances; always the Patron of Talents, he thought it was high time that the first luminary of the modern world should receive the meed of genius; always the Friend of Virtue, in whatever shape it might appear, he could look through the cloud of party influence, and trace in the life of Mr. Burke, a well connected chain of value and integrity; and possessed of all the refined feelings which more honor our nature than talents, thrones and power, his Majestic heart bled with grief for such accumulated, unmerited distress. He therefore, with the concurrence of his Ministers, gave Mr. Burke a pension when Mr. Burke could no longer, by any possibility, serve him; and evinced, that the gift arose from pure beneficence, and disinterested justice.

Such a pledge of Royal approbation must certainly have been soothing to Mr. Burke's mind; but if it had served no other end than that of exciting pleasing emotions in his breast, and in the bosoms of all good men, much of its value would have been lost. It did more, it roused the envy  
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and indignation of all bad men; and most the indignation of the worst. Hence it is, that of all those who have started as candidates for the infamy of reviling the afflicted, insulting old age, and trampling on truth, you, Mr. Miles, take the lead; and are far, far the foremost. You are not the *Legendre*—the masculine butcher, who with equal intrepidity knocks down citizen-legislators in full convention, and cattle in the slaughter-house:—You are the Billingsgate beldame, who half flays eels, and calls it fun when they writhe in torture; or rather the Parisian *poissarde*—the MARGO\*—who drank the blood of the victims at the *Thuileries*, and begrimed her face with human offal; combining in one loathsome carcase the malevolent cunning of the witch, the filth and propensities of the Hottentot, and the sanguinary unappeasable fury of the Catabaw or Cherokee Indian.

Were Mr. Burke now so alive as men usually are to the allurements of worldly fame, and driven to the common shifts of inferior men, to heighten his reputation, one would suppose he appeared again in the literary world merely to get the finishing stroke from the hands of bad men like you. Without it his glory would be less complete. But he is above such artifice; and his Letter to the

\* A bust of that diabolical old woman, done in wax, was exhibited lately in London, and bore a very strong resemblance to Mr. Miles.

Duke of Bedford may be accounted for, not only without disadvantage to his motives, but on the most obvious and plain principles that influence the human heart. A few words on that point first, and then for an answer to your libel. Recollect that I have already told you I write to the Public. The poison of your book should be encountered like all falsehood and calumny, with public contradiction. As to yourself, you would more properly be consigned to the whipping-post or the ducking-stool.

When any, but particularly those who have led a life of vivid energetic action, propose to themselves, in the hour of calamity, to retire and brood over their miseries for life, and hope to find solitude soothing, they flatter and deceive themselves. The loss of a common friend, but more particularly the loss of that person, in whom one has garnered up his heart, creates a black and dreary vacuity in the soul, the contemplation of which affords, for short time, a kind of indulgence: but the virtues, the person, the tone, the look, the gesture, of the object, still recurs, and tells the heart, with incessant torture, that it cannot be recovered: then the mind becomes impatient of the desolation that surrounds it, and rushes abroad in search of comfort. Great and striking instances of this are as thick set in the domestic history

history of every day, as the stars in the firmament. The mind thus compelled to wander, as through a mist of misery, having no motive to action but escape from its own dreary tenement, commits itself rather to the conduct of chance than choice. It is no wonder then if it falls into its accustomed track. It is as little to be wondered at, therefore, as it ought to be lamented, that Mr. Burke did not *remain*, as you wish he had, *dead to the affairs of the world*;—to rise in such a moment, at the call of unjust and unmerited attacks, was only to act in obedience to the unalterable decrees of nature.

In consequence of some observations on his Majesty's bounty to Mr. Burke, which fell from two noble Peers, in the House of Lords, as well of some ingenious remarks made in the House of Commons, by an eloquent and graceful Member, (Mr. Sturt), the pension became a public theme of comment with Mr. Burke's enemies; and, as is usual in all cases coming from that quarter, the comments were false and foul. Mr. Burke owed it to the Royal gift—to the Minister, and to himself, to justify it. He did so. His subject beguiled him into some wholesome, ill-requited advice to his Grace of Bedford, in the course of which he unavoidably mentioned the Jacobins. No sooner did he shake the Jacobin bush, than the famished musquitos and blood-sucking animalculæ that infest it, poured

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forth



forth upon him in myriads. The two acts of Parliament, forbidding, under serious penalties, direct attacks upon Government, had served only to sharpen their appetites, and they buzzed about in extacy to find that they had again an opportunity of indirectly stinging and glutting in its blood through the pores of one of its friends. Nor was this the sole motive to which this cruelty may be attributed. The wealth of the Duke of Bedford chinked in the imagination, and whatever the amount of his Grace's generosity might be to men of merit, it was more than probable he would liberally reward the pandar of his vengeance.

It is a part of the common-place of Swiss scribblers to profess purity, independence and public virtue; for that reason I suppose it is we find you professing them, when even with your exorbitant vanity you cannot expect to be believed. It is said that the worst mischief a man can do his enemy is to give him the worst name he can; and I presume it was the conviction of this truth which induced you to make choice of your own character to apply to Mr. Burke. But things done under the controul of evil are generally unskilfully done. The wickedness of your design is scarcely worse than the badness of the execution. Mr. Miles meets us in every form, like dominos in a masquerade, and though he keeps up his mask, the contortions

tortions of his gait, and the foetor of his breath betray him at every motion. Without travelling out of the record of your own pamphlet, there is enough to convict you. It certainly cost you much pains—the first part has obviously been prepared and lying by for the occasion—however, it will, like the rest of your works, soon be

Gone never to be heard of more,  
Gone where the chickens went before.

SWIFT.

And all your reward will depend on the munificence of his Grace of Bedford—a fund, no doubt, amply adequate to your deserts.

It might have occurred to a man of less cunning than you, that when two men are pitted against each other, the spectators are generally impressed with a predilection in favour of one or other, arising from some circumstance not directly in contest; and that in the case before us, for instance, the public would, by an involuntary act of the mind, form strong predilections in favour of you to Mr. Burke—that gentleman had, at all events, the reputation of talents and situation; he had moreover a large body of people, and of the best and wisest of the people, his friends. You must have acted with more than your usual intemperance, then, if you have not some strong set offs against him; and as  
it

it is not every one that knows Mr. Miles, it might not be amiss to tell what they are : for of the borrowed frippery with which you have so arrogantly and untruly dressed out your character in your Letter, it may be said they hang too loose to be thought by any eye your own. The lives of men are generally the best pledges of their moral character, and it is to that I suppose you would have us refer. Was it in the office of *Purser* you acquired your integrity and humanity? Or in that of *Spy* you sucked in your patriotism? Upon my word, Sir, if you cannot bring up better credentials than those, and your political writings, there is very little to fear from your enmity. You profess purity—you talk it well, Sir. But, as the crab said to a lobster, who informed him he was going to be a running footman,—You may with God's help be so, but “you do not look the thing.”

In point of relative reputation, then, you stand rather disadvantageously in the contest. Let us see how the value of your performance will bear you out, and enable you to do away, in the public mind, their sense of the benefits derived from the talents and labours of Mr. Burke.

To write to you in your own way, I should dismiss every sentiment, every expression of the decent man and the gentleman, and adopt the joint rhetoric of Billingsgate and St. Giles's, covering the filth and deformity



deformity of the sentiment with the tawdry coat of the pamphleteer's cant. It is contrary to my disposition to stoop to vulgar, opprobrious epithet, but as any other may be unintelligible to you, I will endeavour to come as near you as I can in that respect, atoning to myself and my readers for it, by receding as far as possible from you in every thing else, and confining myself to truth: and I beg you will endeavour so far to divest yourself of your bad habits as to judge me not by reference to your own heart, and do me the credit to believe that when I speak truth, I do not mean to make it the instrument of deception.

You were much in the right to tell your readers, in the course of your Letter, that you remembered *once* to have dined with a gentleman—it was certainly an æra in your life, or else you must have been very indocile. From the indecent language and vulgar prejudice with which your Letter to Mr. Burke opens, I should not have suspected you had had that advantage even *once* in your life. You begin with a general assumption, that Mr. Burke is a private professor of popery, and on that you build a superstructure of a sixth part of your book, composed of the miserable, vulgar, common-place, with which every ignorant witling, and every rancorous dissenter, from the day of Calvin up to this time, have stuffed their speeches and sermons. Well,  
Sir,

Sir, What of this? Supposing it were true, (it is false) how does it affect the moral character of Mr. Burke? What! Is an insignificant scribbler to prescribe to the conscience, and say, "You shall not believe in this or that article of faith, if you do, you are a bad man? Shall a fellow be permitted to insult us with liberty, and love of the rights of human nature, and tolerance spouting from his pen, while a tyranny over opinion, intolerance, and general anathemas, that would do no discredit to Mary the daughter of Henry the VIIIth. or the most barbarous inquisitor, is the first bearing of his boasted works? While you are censuring popery, and attributing it to Mr. Burke, every sentence of your Letter breathes the spirit of the worst errors of that mistaken religion. Intolerance, falsehood, cruelty more than inquisitorial, and such an utter disregard of crime and its consequences, as nothing but the belief of absolution, or madness could inspire. The wit of Junius has not been able to rescue him from contempt and abhorrence, for reviling a bad man on the death of his son; and surely worse cruelty, coupled with dulness, can meet with no remission here or hereafter.

While you are endeavouring to plunge Mr. Burke into the Scylla of Popery, you shew yourself to be ingulphed in the Charybdis of Deism.—It is not the rational pity of a Protestant for the delusion

delusion of a fellow creature; it is not even the severity of a Presbyterian—but it is the enthusiastic hatred of a French Infidel to all religion, or as you call it, *Mother Church*: it is the rancour of an enthusiast in the *Religion of Reason*, as it is called, which animates you against Mr. Burke: it is the same spirit which instigated the poor, wretched, deluded mob of France, when they burst in on the procession of hoary priests on their way to the guillotine, and tore handfulls of their white hair from their beards and heads, carrying home the scalps in triumph. This is—this must be the spirit that works within you, when you assert that Mr. Burke endeavours to replunge an emancipated world in ignorance, barbarism and vassalage, and stile him a *new Defender* of exploded Faith—merely because his writings were composed to resist the dreadful torrent that was running with daily increasing strength in the opposite way, and threatened to carry away the last seed of religion and morality. The *mitred fronts* of the bishops of our church are indebted to him for support, a support they would hardly owe to a Papist. Here you have gone beyond yourself, and shewn more of your principles than I suppose you could have been impudent enough to intend. A *mind*, however, *crippled* as yours from nature, *ulcerated and gangrened* with the corrosion of guilt disappointed of its end, and goaded by the consciousness of a restless ill-spent



spent life, may naturally be supposed to enfeebled as to totter under great exertions, and so exasperated as to forget its weakness. In flourishing your crutch at popery, you have disclosed deism, if not atheism lurking under your vest. The tree of liberty is, I own, a very convenient pacific god, "particularly for one of us," as mother Cole says; I dare say it would not at all chill your devotion to moisten it with the blood of a Roman Catholic like Mr. Burke. A tree of another kind may possibly be yet moistened with your own.

Although the particular religious creed of Mr. Burke be an unimportant point in his public character, your assertion ought to be refuted, as well in vindication of truth, as to extinguish a vulgar prejudice. For a man, born and bred a Protestant, to turn Roman Catholic, would be an anomaly in human nature and in human intellects. Few are disposed to sacrifice their early inculcated opinions, even at the shrine of reason and good sense. That such a mind as Mr. Burke's should become a convert to absurdity, by violating his earliest prejudices, is impossible. We have never heard of such a thing, nor ever shall, till we hear the doctrine of the world's rotundity denied again. Be it known to you then, Sir, that Mr. Burke was born, by hereditary descent, a member of the reformed church, and received the first rudiments of his education

cation at a school\* not likely to inculcate popery in his heart, against the will of his father, who was certainly a Protestant, and a very eminent member of a profession, excluded at that time by the most severe penal laws from the admission of popery or even popish blood. The report has now gone thro' the usual stages; it began with Lord George Gordon, who united a much greater personage in the charge, with Mr. Burke. After a thing has passed through the hands of a fool and a knave, we are at a loss to conjecture who will take it up next.

Few occasions have ever occurred in which a needy, *servile*, and *degraded sycophant*, had such a fair opportunity of gleaning a few pence from the scanty stubble of pamphlet writing, as this of Mr. Burke and his Letter have afforded. Such a singular union of profuse munificence and wealth, as the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Hastings conjointly afford, is hardly to be found. Multiply them one into another, and a literary pandar would have the prospect of a good reward. You certainly had this in your eye; and have called up a double portion of venom for the occasion. Here, as in almost every sentence of your Letter, guilt betrays

\* If we do not mistake, Mr. Burke was educated in his youth at the school of a Mr. Shekleton, a quaker, at a place called Ballitore, in the county of Kildare.

you into error; and you have written a libel on the House of Commons; for you say that "*the verdict of the Lords, in absolving Mr. Hastings, pronounces, in some degree, guilt on the accuser.*" Who was the accuser of Mr. Hastings? The Commons. Then the inference is plain. Put it the other way, and say Mr. Burke was the accuser; then you pronounce a libel on the Peers for trying Mr. Hastings. Wicked as a man may be, he becomes almost an object of commiseration, when his malignity is so great and overbearing as to hurry him into excesses that bring him within the reach of legal punishment; and into falsehoods which render himself and his cause detested. Whatever any man's private opinion of Mr. Hastings may be, no one can TRULY say that Mr. Burke did more than his duty. You tack to this part of it a protest against investigating men's motives. You meant well to yourself, but acted with your usual want of skill in doing so; for that very protest would excite investigation, if your motives were not already too obvious to require it. Beggary, in all its modifications, from the impudent and sturdy, down to the querulous, the servile, and the sycophantic, is your trade—the prime source and motive of all your actions. What success you may have with the Noble Duke and Mr. Hastings I can't tell: but I will barely hint, for the benefit of the former, that he has a glorious opportunity of indulging



ing his prudential principles, and securing the honour of your animosity, and the benefit of your invective, by keeping his cash in his purse.

While you luxuriate in the full tide of base, vulgar scurrility, and calumnious falsehood, deaf to the calls of decency, humanity, honour, and probity, all of which clamour aloud against you, you stop short at the first whisper of egotism, and give your peremptory *I* to the world as impudently as if that *I* was known, or if known, was worthy the wagging of an honest dog's tail. "*I had made up my mind to quit the metropolis; (trotting after quality like every servile cur) I resolved to remain a silent spectator of the war.*" "*I found my motives were frequently misunderstood.*" In the name of God, what exorbitant perverseness of vanity can have possessed your poor heart? or have *you eat of the insane root* that takes the senses prisoner, thus to obtrude yourself personally upon notice? Who is it that knows *you* or *your* writings, *your* quitting the metropolis, *your* mind or *your* motives? And as to the part you have taken in politics, who has thought of it? The trace it has left behind is just such as the tail of a weather-cock leaves in the air: it is only remembered that it veered about to every point of the compass, just as the wind thought proper to turn it. When you paint a sign of yourself again, I recommend it to you to give an

explanation at the bottom, as the botching painter once did, when he wrote under a figure he had painted for a *public-house*, "This is a Fox, and not a Cock;" or write as a modest anonymous, and indulge yourself in fiction as much as you please: but when you draw a good picture, do not discredit it with the name of *Miles*; for though those who know it must despise your vanity, they will at least applaud your policy.

You say that "*the man who acts independent of party has little chance of being attended to by either: both parties have an interest in decrying him.*" I apprehend you have committed an error, and for once stumbled upon truth: but you have amply atoned to *your gods*, by the falsehood of the application, when you take it to yourself. There is a great difference between acting independent of all parties, and alternately crouching in proffered vassalage for the patronage of each. There is great difference between acting independent of both parties, and alternately playing the perfidious enemy to both. There is a great difference between proceeding through the seas in honest neutrality, like the Americans, and pirating on all parties like the Algerines. There is a great difference between honest independence, and flattering Mr. Pitt, as you have done in your 24th page, avowing yourself a friend to the Constitution, and of course to the

the

the Monarchy, and yet injuring Mr. Pitt, as I will shew, and maligning the Monarchy in the person of the Heir Apparent. This, Sir, is *your* politics: too insignificant to be seriously noticed or served by either party, you shift at every gust of caprice or spleen, and dignify your *versatile guilt* with the name of Independence.

Taking you, however, on your word, and supposing that you had resolved to retire, we cannot but wonder at your motive for darting forth from the cranny of your cobweb,

Where, gloomily retired,  
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,  
Mixture abhorred.

You say Mr. Burke compelled you forth—that is rather strange! Taking it on your own account, (for I wish to make you consistent, being convinced that the more consistent you are with yourself, the more detestable you will appear)—Taking it I say on your own shewing, the cause was very disproportionate to the effect.—What! “*an intoxicated dotard—a lamentable old man, in whom every thing is enfeebled or extinguished—a forlorn wretched old man, tottering from the bleak confines of the sepulchre, labouring under age, misfortune and infirmity, and so insane as to be fit for a strait waistcoat;*” (for those are the epithets bestowed on Mr. Burke) Has he had the  
power



power to break the firm resolves of the peremptory *I*, to rouse the great Cyclops from his den? to start this mighty driver of the quill, and compel him to *bazard himself once more upon the turbulent and tempestuous ocean of politics?* Was it not bravely done? was it not wisely managed? From clashing falsehood, the sparks of truth will issue, and you are pinned down by your own words. Age, feebleness and infirmity, when seasoned with worth, are the proper food for such men as you, they call you forth to the combat, and *whet your valour*. Alas! the converse is equally true; youth, vigour, and strong limbs, would have pinned you to your cobweb, to riot in the blood of flies, more suited to your strength and spirit. To some men, the pen of Mr. Burke would have more terror than an armed host; but to him who values his bones more than his honour, and *feels all his strength* to be concentrated in his face, ——— is a more formidable enemy than a Burke.

Sir, the infamous epithets you have bestowed on that august personage, recoil upon yourself; they *shew you*—they can do no more. But it is not enough that you are executed on your own confession, example must be added to punishment, and you must be gibbeted up to notice, for the benefit of mankind.

If

If your enmity to Mr. Burke proceeded from a real opinion of his political or other depravity, you would not have thought it necessary to adopt the vilest dishonest means of misrepresentation, false quoting, and false reasoning you have done; your own mind being convinced, you would certainly suppose that other men's minds would be convinced also on the same grounds, and, of course, stated the matter fairly as it stood. If, then, I convict you of gross misrepresentation, of leaving out in quotations parts that would make them adverse to you, and of reasoning too false and silly even for you, blinded as you are by malignity, will not the inference be plain and indisputable, that you have attacked him from motives of the most base and execrable kind? I pledge myself to prove it, so that even your consummate assurance shall not venture to deny it. All the parade and art of your trade shall not save you. I will shew that by some malignant personal pique, you have formed the design of injuring Mr. Burke. That in the execution of that design, you have shewed yourself to be a bad man from nature, and a block-head from badness; that you have falsified without the possibility of pleading error in extenuation of your guilt; that you have not only magnified Mr. Burke's infirmities, but accused him of faults and errors to which he is a stranger, and committed yourself openly to the world, as a pledge for the most

most damned falsehoods, in arraignment of his character: while you have, on the other hand, dishonestly flurred over *the good* which constituted the basis of his character.

So vermin foul of base extraction,  
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,  
The founder members traverse o'er,  
But fix and fatten on a fore.

At first sight, it would stagger belief to do justice to the extent of your resources in calumny. The public must think, that at least a part of such a mass must belong to some one beside yourself, and that the funds of invention must have been exhausted in fabricating such a highly figured tissue of malignity. They must be undeceived—they must be let into the full knowledge of your *ways* and *means*—they must be told what an unfathomable depth of filth, what a perennial spring of foetor, poison and pestilence, you have to resort to in that foul jakes, your heart.

After a number of general observations, as contemptible as false, and as false as your own heart, you apply yourself to correct the particular offence of his letter respecting the Duke of Bedford; and here your usual ways and means, "*direct falsehood*," of necessity denies its office, and you are obliged to have recourse to its next of kin, "*falsehood by inference*,"



rence." You say that Mr. Burke, "striking boldly at title deeds of *every description* throughout this wide extended empire, tells alike the necessitous and unprincipled, *suffering at this alarming moment, under the double pressure of war and famine*, that in the vast property and landed estates of the British nobility, a remedy may be found for all the multiplied evils annexed to poverty, and a contempt of moral rectitude." I have stated your proposition word for word, that it may be more fully considered; for I believe a proposition more false, more unwarranted by fact, more malignant in its general spirit, and more treacherous to those *whose bread you have eaten*, never was uttered. The charge as against Mr. Burke, is futile, but a more treacherous and wicked side-wind appeal to the people, as against the war, the scarcity of corn, the state and property of the country, has hardly ever been conveyed in the same number of words. Like a savage Malay you run a muck, and strike your poisoned weapon indiscriminately to all you meet.

What part of Mr. Burke's Letter, I ask you, warrants that interpretation? What! shall it be said, that because Mr. Burke, vindicating the right of the Crown to grant him a pension, and justifying his Majesty's choice against the attack of a particular peer, looks out for the strongest case upon record to argue upon, *a fortiori*, and finding that case to

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come

come home to his accuser, states it fairly; is that striking at the property of the nobility? Is it any more than simply saying thus:—"You, my Lord of Bedford, impeach the bounty of the Crown bestowed upon me, an old veteran, worn out in the service of the public:—instead of impeaching and weakening my title, you, as one of the hereditary guardians of the realm, should, on the contrary, protect me in it, since I owe it to the legal constitutional power of the Crown, from which all your property is derived. You, my Lord, should know, that in a case of legal property, it is not the merit of the present possessor, or of the original grantee, but the legality of the title that gives right. For instance, my Lord, your estate is at this moment as good legal property as any other in the realm:—so good, that not all the power of the realm can wrest it from you; nor all the casuistry and subtilty of the law call your title in question. God forbid, they should!! Nevertheless, my Lord, if it did not stand upon a stronger basis (viz. the power of the Crown) than the merits of the first grantee (Mr. Russell) you would have less to say for it than I for mine. In short, I have a legal right from the constitutional powers of the Crown, so have you. Do not then go to the irrelevant matter of the merit of the grantee; if you do, it must be as a question of mere speculation; and as a question of speculation I should have the advantage of you, inasmuch

inasmuch as I am more favour worthy than your ancestor, and his present majesty is much less likely to abuse his prerogative than such a tyrant as Henry VIII?"

This is stating the matter fairly—but, miserable man that you are ! you wished to make a sacrifice of Mr. Burke, and you snatched at every withered twig, every pipe of dried hemlock in your reach to offer it up with : confounded in your judgment, you were incapable of selection, and took up the first idle, weak chimera of the wretched news-paper paragraphists of the day. Before, you ventured to put them forward in a pamphlet, you ought to have considered them well ; and, at least shaped them into some form of plausibility. I dare to say the Duke himself despises you for it. In fact, a stronger argument could not have been adduced in defence of the property of every man, than a simple relation of the fact, that law and not opinion is the basis on which it stands. Indeed, Mr. Miles, you have put the point in the true Jacobinical form ; you, and only you and the Jacobin paragraphists have mooted the question and subjected it to the consideration of the unthinking and desperate, and not content with pointing out the Bedford, you mark the Bentinck, the Fitzwilliam, and Cavendish estates also. On this assumption, however, you have ventured to call Mr. Burke a Jaco-



bin ; you have committed yourself and your *fame* upon it ; in another it would be madness, but that man can hardly be called rash, who only stakes a counter.

It is not impossible that a mind of ardent sensibility, such as Mr. Burke's, may have felt irritated at an unworthy attack from a member of that august body whom he has always venerated and always supported. All the malevolence and misrepresentation of Mr. Hastings' volunteer and hireling scribblers put together, did not affect him so deeply as a Right Reverend Prelate comparing him on that trial to *Marat* and *Robespierre*. The Prelate's son *had* a place in India, the Duke of Bedford *had not* a place in Administration ; Mr. Burke knows best what belongs to his own dignity, but perhaps he would have consulted it better by giving the same measure to both—contemptuous silence often wounds deeper than the most pointed satire.

Accustomed as you are to snap at the hand that has thrown alms into your cap, I should think if you had got the fee, that you had a covert intention of ridiculing his Grace of Bedford, when you stir up the point of "*rocked and dandled into legislators.*" If the Duke thinks proper to give you a guinea or two for it, I am satisfied ; but in doing so, you call forth a comment worse than the text. Mr.  
Burke

Burke intended to confound the Duke of Bedford's skill in legislation with that of the other peers of Great-Britain, just as much and no more than he meant to strike at all their property, by citing the innocent case of Mr. Russel *primus*. He meant merely to say, that having himself no fortune or interest, he was obliged to work his passage to his legislative importance by hard labour, by study, and indefatigable industry, and was therefore more likely to be master of that business than the Duke, whose fortune as well as known pursuits, exempted him from such difficulties. Another expression might perhaps have been more particularly appropriate, and afforded less room for cavil: though I very much doubt, if Mr. Burke had said that his Lordship was *curry-combed* into a legislator, whether you would not have said, that he meant to call the whole House of Peers Newmarket jockies and gamblers.

If you seriously propose any end from these extraordinary means, it must be to persuade the world, that in the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Burke meant to attack the whole Aristocracy of the country. The falsity of such a deduction is too obvious to require refutation; as well might you say that in attacking you, I mean to attack all the literary men of the day who have combated Mr. Burke, when perhaps there

there cannot be found in human nature a much greater contrast than a Mackintosh and a Miles.

Coming to that part of your letter in which you cite Mr. Burke's former works against his present, *Burke* versus *Burke*, I am at a loss what to say, your manner of stating it betrays either so much ignorance, or so much dishonesty, or both. Your style of writing is that of a man who ought to have some knowledge, but the frequency of a glib style, without any solid foundation, leaves the matter so doubtful, that in the case of a man disposed to act fairly, I should suppose that the misstatement was owing to mere shallow ignorance. In your case I can suppose it to be wilful, corrupt, foul, misrepresentation. That work of Mr. Burke's, "*A Vindication of Natural Society*," is known by every man not utterly destitute of common literary attainment, to be throughout a finely wrought irony; at an early age, Mr. Burke's all accomplished mind took offence at a work of Lord Bolingbroke, entitled "*A Vindication of Natural Religion*," a book which, being recommended by all the allurements of fascinating style, was likely to do much mischief: he therefore wrote this ironical work, in which he adopted the style and mode of reasoning of Lord Bolingbroke, and for the purpose of ridiculing him and his work, put as it were into his Lordship's mouth, those very words which you have had the conscience



conscience to cite against him. In that very work, therefore, we see the same sterling affection for true order and good government, that he has all his life evinced. So much then for your extracts from that work.

The other quotations are made in a manner, of themselves sufficient to condemn you; a partial, insulated sentence, or twenty of them, are unfair, without a proper explanation from the context. To use the words of Mr. Burke himself on a former occasion, "Scripture itself, so maimed and mangled, might be rendered blasphemy."—In this particular you have transcended all former example. You leave out of the middle of a quotation, the very words that explain it against you, and have not even so much affectation of integrity, as to mark the omission with a dash or an "*Hiatus*." I will shew it, and I fancy I need shew no more to develop your views. But I will shew still more—that, however, in its proper place.

There is a Spanish proverb which says,—“That which the bee sucks he turns to honey, and that which the spider to poison.” Thus, sir, we find that every turn, action, and expression of Mr. Burke’s life, passing through the polluted alembic of your heart, comes forth deadly venom. You say he brought forth all the Jacobin writings; do you charge

charge that as guilt to him? Indeed I believe you do. I believe you would rather the morbid matter had remained lurking in the body of the country to fester and gangrene there, that you, and murderous quacks like you, might have an opportunity of putting a knife into it. Happily for the country it was brought out; had it not been there, his writings could not have moved or created it.

I am tired of following you through a mass of falsehood and filth, in which something to raise disgust, indignation, or contempt, continually rises to view. To sum up in a sentence every thing that can disgrace human nature—that can mortify mankind at the reflection that they partake of one common form with you—that can leave the remorseless savage behind in cruelty—exceed in fell fury and cadaverous appetite the implacable Hyæna, and the jackall that tears the putrid bodies from their grave—and emulate the horrid host of hell, in their worst malignity to mankind—I will quote one sentence from your Letter; I will not take it out of your own words—it is the genuine language of the heart, and a word of alteration would spoil it. “*I assert that what he bewails as a calamity, we ought to hail as a blessing, and feel grateful to Providence, that the legitimate breed of such a man is extinct for ever.*”

Here

Here is the cruel profligate, who but a few pages after obtrudes his lamentations for a departed wife on the public—and expects to be commiserated. Here is the fellow who finds, in the case of the Duke of Bedford, that “crimes are personal, and so should punishments too\*.” Here is the monster, who out of pique to a worthy man, (a pique *for something or for nothing*, perhaps for not saluting or noticing him) triumphs in the calamities of a venerable father and mother, crushed to the earth by years and sorrows; avows his savage joy at their bereavement of all they held dear in life—an only and a matchless child; and luxuriates like a fiend in the extirpation of a whole race. Horrid, horrid, most horrid! All that poets have feigned falls short of turpitude like this. Even Richard, the monster of Shakespear’s brain, had a crown to spur him on, when, in the spirit of this brute, he said of his brother,

‘Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
That from his loins no more degenerate brats may spring.

But this brute——in short, volumes of comment could not speak more to the heart than this damned text itself. If after it, he ever shows his head in society, he deserves to be hunted down and chased as the sturdy enemy of mankind.

\* Page 86.

H

Mr.

Here



Mr. Burke's apostrophe on the death of his son, has been justly classed in the highest rank of "Pathetic" that ever fell from the pen of man. The smothered sorrow of the father breaks forth in the voice of the panegyrist; and in the regrets of the venerable statesman, for *the loss of a finished man in this exigent moment*, we hear the tender accents of disconsolation and despair—they thrill to the inmost recesses of the soul—every chord of the heart feels the stroke, and vibrates with sympathetic anguish. One heart—and only one—hardened by the jostling of a contemning world, torpid with the absorption of unpurged venom, and gangrened with malice and misanthropy, read, and was insensible to it. Yes, Sir, it was yours to pour new gall into the bitter, bitter cup of a father's woe—you, who are yourself, or at least bear the name of, a father—you who may, for ought you know, be tomorrow childless, and perhaps the next day sink to the grave, amidst the hootings and execrations of an indignant world, without one tear from the pious prejudices of filial duty, to mitigate the justice of your fate. To make it worse, you drag forth from the long desired mansion of rest the ashes of your wife, and deplore her, as if to insinuate that the venerable father's tears were as hypocritical as your own. See how malevolence and guilt plays the fool with their victims. When you deplore the death of your wife, you only remind us, that it would

would have been better you had treated her with some little tenderness and humanity while living.

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SINCE writing the above, I have gone abroad thro' the places of public resort, and have learned that which, had I known it two days ago, would have saved me the trouble of writing this letter. I have learned, that all which the ingenuity of man can devise in elucidation of truth, could not render you more detested and despised than your own letter has. I am sorry to say, that the respectable person, to whom you have addressed it, is, in consequence of it, mentioned in slighter terms than he deserves. In justice to himself, therefore, he should publicly spurn you from his threshold.

Were it possible for the imagination to conceive you cloathed with despotic power, one might draw a picture from you of all the tyrants who cursed Rome during the empire. The vanity of Nero—the caprice of Caligula—the brutal sensuality of Heliogabulus—and the cruelty of ALL, might be painted from your model; but chiefly Commodus, who, in order to ape Hercules, with coward, cruel heart, combated a parcel of old men, who, by his previous order, were supplied with sponges instead of stones, for weapons, and with a massy club beat

out their brains. As it is, Sir, you offer to the world a spectacle, as well worth contemplating as any wild beast in *Pidcock's Menagerie*—a being at once disgraceful to the vile *corps d'espionage*, and more wicked and contemptible than a Jacobin.

Leaving for the present the gloomy mansion of Malevolence, I turn to the bright realms of Genius and Virtue, in Mr. Burke. And on this subject I will indulge no farther than to demonstrate the falsehood and wickedness of those who accuse him of acting against his own former avowed principles; and to shew, by a few extracts from different works of his, that he always held the very same great outline of principle that has lately guided his political conduct. He who gives broken, detached sentences, without the context, in order to malign, is a most foul, false, and deliberate calumniator.

To shew that Mr. Burke's opinion of the late *unfortunate King of France* was not a new sentiment, adopted on occasion of the Revolution, hear what he says of him in his speech 11th February, 1780.

“ When I look, as I have pretty carefully looked  
 “ into the proceedings of the French King, I see  
 “ nothing of the character and genius of arbitrary  
 “ finance—none of the bold frauds of bankrupt  
 “ power—none of the wild struggles and plunges  
 “ of



“ of Despotism in distress———I see neither  
 “ Louis the XIVth, or Louis the XVth, &c.—  
 “ Oeconomy has entered in triumph into the pub-  
 “ lic splendor of the French Monarch—into his  
 “ private amusements—into the appointments of  
 “ his nearest and highest relations———Those  
 “ are the acts of a Patriot King.”

*On the Subject of Reform, ibidem.*

“ In hot reformatations, in what men, more zea-  
 “ lous than considerate, call *making clear work*, the  
 “ whole is generally so crude, so harsh, so indi-  
 “ gested; mixed with so much imprudence and so  
 “ much injustice; so contrary to the whole course  
 “ of human nature, and human institutions, that  
 “ the very people who are the most eager for it,  
 “ are among the first to grow disgusted with what  
 “ they have done.—Then some part of the abdi-  
 “ cated grievance is recalled from its exile, in or-  
 “ der to become a corrective of the correction—  
 “ then the abuse assumes all the credit and popu-  
 “ larity of a reform : The very idea of purity and  
 “ disinterestedness in politics falls into disrepute,  
 “ and is considered as a vision of hot and inexpe-  
 “ rienced men.—And thus disorders become in-  
 “ curable, not by the virulence of their own qua-  
 “ lity, but by the unapt and violent nature of the  
 “ remedies.”

Whether

Whether the principles thus laid down by Mr. Burke, were founded in wisdom or not, the experience of 1795 has shewn.—But to proceed. Speaking of *pensions* in the foregoing speech, Mr. Burke speaks as follows :

“ Indeed no man knows when he cuts off the  
 “ incitements to a virtuous ambition, and the just  
 “ rewards of public service, what infinite mischief  
 “ he may do his country, through all generations—  
 “ such saving to the public, may prove the worst  
 “ mode of robbing it. The Crown, which has in  
 “ its hands the trust of the daily pay for national  
 “ service, ought to have in its hands also the means  
 “ for the repose of public labour, and the fixed set-  
 “ tlement of acknowledged merit. *There is a time*  
 “ *when the weather-beaten vessels of the State ought to*  
 “ *come into harbour.* They must at length have a  
 “ retreat from the malice of rivals, from *the perfidy of*  
 “ *political friends, and the inconstancy of the people.*

“ When men receive obligations from the Crown,  
 “ through the pious hands of fathers, or of connec-  
 “ tions as venerable as the paternal, the depend-  
 “ ences which arise from thence, are the obliga-  
 “ tions of gratitude, and not the fetters of servility.  
 “ Such ties originate in virtue and promote it.—

—“ What

—“ What an unseemly spectacle would it afford, what a disgrace would it be to the Commonwealth that suffered such things, to see the hopeful son of a meritorious minister begging his bread at the door of that treasury, from whence his father dispensed the œconomy of an empire, and promoted the happiness and glory of his country.—

—“ I am not possessed of an exact common measure between real service and its reward. I am very sure that states do sometimes receive services, which it is hardly in their power to reward according to their worth. If I were to give my judgment with regard to this country, I do not think the great efficient officers of the state to be overpaid. The service of the public is a thing which cannot be put to auction, and struck down to those who will agree to execute the cheapest.

—“ A person in high office can rarely take a view of his family house, if he sees that the state takes no detriment, the state must see that his affairs should take as little.”

This is the language of Mr. Burke, when in Opposition—when moving for the introduction of an œconomical reform into the public expediture, which



which afterwards, as a Minister, he brought in. And this was his language, when, according to Mr. Miles, he reprobated pensions, and was a Republican, bordering on Jacobinism.

To pursue parliamentary order, I will now, having gone through your bill of impeachment, apply myself to the title, at least to that part of it which is worth applying to. You stand arraigned of wilful misrepresentation and falshood, and you shall now be convicted. In the body of your work, you state Mr. Burke to be a Republican in 1789, and to give colour to this falshood, you frame a new falshood, and prefix as a motto to your Letter, an extract from a speech of that gentleman, delivered on the Regency, 27th January, 1789.—You state it thus :

“ If you are for a Republic, why do you not make  
 “ it in a direct and manly way? Why not  
 “ openly declare your intentions?—If you ask  
 “ whether I hate a Republican speculation, I  
 “ will answer—No.—I love, revere and adore,  
 “ the *true principles* of a Republic.”

Now let the world see what the integrity of Mr. Miles is. Mr. Burke's words are as follow, taken  
 from

from Debret's Parliamentary Register, Vol. 25th.  
Page 325.

“ If they chose to make a Republic, why did they not make it in a manly way, and openly declare their intentions? If he were asked, did he hate a Republican **SPECULATION**? He would answer, No.—**BUT HE KNEW A REPUBLIC COULD NOT BE SPECULATED UPON ACCORDING TO OUR CONSTITUTION, &c.**”

Mr. Miles finds all the words after the word **NO**, to be so explanatory of Mr. Burke's real sentiments, and of course, so contradictory, to his (Miles's assertions) that he *very honestly* leaves them out, and does not even make a mark to denote an *hiatus*. After this, can he have the assurance to impeach any man, or expect to be believed?

But that is not all—for in the same volume from which he extracted that, and not many pages from it, he must have seen the following principles laid down by Mr. Burke, which I have extracted out of justice to that gentleman, as well as to gag the mouth of this malevolent falsifier.

MR. BURKE—*As to the Rights of the People.*

22d, December, 1788, on the Regency.

Debrett's Parl, Register, Vol. 25.

“ Mr. Burke declared, he considered it as his  
 “ sole pride and his exclusive glory, to deliver in  
 “ his character of M. P. his sentiments—not with a  
 “ view to amuse the people by flattery at their own  
 “ expence, and to persuade them they possessed  
 “ powers, to which under the Constitution they  
 “ had no right—but on the contrary, to speak  
 “ against the wish of the people, whenever they  
 “ attempted to ruin themselves.”

“ For his own part, he was content with the  
 “ Constitution as he found it—he wanted no altera-  
 “ tion—but there were others who did, and who  
 “ set no value on the wisdom, integrity, and patri-  
 “ otism of our ancestors, who struggled so glori-  
 “ ously in defence of an ungrateful posterity. To  
 “ argue upon principle, he considered himself as  
 “ fully justified in asserting, that *Great Britain is*  
 “ *governed by an hereditary monarchy.* It was so by  
 “ the written and the unwritten law—it was so by  
 “ the very essence of our excellent, our at present  
 “ matchless constitution—and *heaven forbid it should*  
 “ *ever prove otherwise.*—It was our own inheritance—  
 “ it was our powerful barrier, our strong rampart  
 against



“against the ambition of mankind. It held out  
 “an excellent lesson to the most aspiring—it said,  
 “thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.”—It shel-  
 “tered the subject from the tyranny of illegal tri-  
 “bunals, bloody proscriptions, and all the long  
 “train of evils attendant upon *the distractions of*  
 “*ill-guided and unprincipled Republics.*”

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SAME DAY.

“I have given my allegiance to the House of  
 “Hanover, to possess the power given by the Con-  
 “stitution. I worship the gods of our glorious  
 “Constitution, but I will not worship Priapus.”

By those to whom the precepts of philosophy and  
 the benefits of learning, have given a tolerable  
 view of the very limited extent of the human intel-  
 lect, and who know how seldom a warm vivid ima-  
 gination has ever been controuled by the cool dic-  
 tates of severe judgment, it must appear wonderful  
 that the enemies of Mr. Burke, have not been able  
 in the vast mass of political reasoning and eloquent  
 discussion he has left us on our public records, to  
 find some well founded charge of contradiction and  
 inconsistency.—In the innumerable excursions and  
 flights he has taken into the wide region of fancy,

the same amiable spirit of morality, and the same sound principles of policy are to be found, as in his most deliberate works of judgment ; and I hazard nothing when I pledge myself on the assertion, that one great code of moral and political principle has pervaded all his visible efforts in regular concatenation, without missing one link, from the first trace we have of his political career up to the present day. The constitution of England has all along given the law of his opinion ; and to prevent the inordinate increase of crown influence on one hand, and the encroachments of democratic power on the other, all his efforts have been directed. He must have but a foul heart indeed, or a bad head, who will assert that a man's varying his means is a dereliction of his ends—or that, supporting the monarchy, when it is conspired against, and surrounded with dangers, is not as much the debt of every Briton to the Constitution, as repressing the undue attempts that Monarchy might make on the Rights of the People. When the Royal Prerogative was too great, Mr. Burke opposed it—When Europe and England were filled with Jacobins, he rallied all his forces round the Throne. Indeed when Monarchy has got into such disaffection, so much out of fashion as it were—that the bounty of the nation to an exiled prince is noticed with invidious asperity by men of situation ; and the repairs of Holyrood House are sneered at in a  
 fordid

fordid calculation in a great assembly : it is time for all true friends of the constitution to rally round the Throne, and protect it.—You, Mr. Miles, will profess yourself foremost in such a work—after what I have shown, it would be wrong to doubt your sincerity—professions are certainly entitled to some weight—facts however beat them out of the field : and facts, I dare say and hope will *bear you up*.

In searching for materials against Mr. Burke in the Parliamentary Register, you could not, if you did not intend it, have overlooked, in the very speech you have *so very honestly* cited, a passage that might be in some sort interesting to your feelings—Mr. Burke there says, “ The Right Honourable Gentleman (Mr. Pitt) has said, that, “ to treat the Prince with disrespect, is to treat “ his Majesty with disrespect—The Right Honourable Gentleman is in that opinion correct, “ since *those who injure the Prince of Wales undoubtedly injure the King*.” This, then is not the opinion of Mr. Burke alone, but of Mr. Pitt also, and, indeed, must be the opinion of every man of common sense.—Where then, sir, was your boasted love for the Constitution ?—where was your loyalty ? when you wrote a public letter to the Prince of Wales, which, if written to a private gentleman, would have brought down personal vengeance on your head ; which had the tendency to lower his  
Highness



Highness in public estimation, and which might have operated as an encouragement to other Jacobins to add further insults to Royalty, in his Highness's person. Did Mr. Pitt but know the injurious suspicions which that letter brought upon him, he would at once undeceive the public, and take care to have it understood that whatever you might have been heretofore as a spy, you are not employed by him now as a writer.

I trust in God that not all the wicked misrepresentation of Jacobins—all the artifice of Faction, or all the envy of party men, will prevent Mr. Burke from enriching the world with his hours of retreat.—The importance of his works is seen in the astonishing avidity with which they are bought up. Upheld as he is by his own native strength and public opinion, he must scorn the assaults of his Jacobin enemies.—He well knows that though the machinations and fictions of imposture have their day, they all vanish before time—that nothing is permanent but truth—that every day's experience gives it new life—that every adverse blast roots it deeper. And the favour of the most benignant sovereign that ever held the scepter, who not only feels for his calamities, but reveres his talents and virtue, will more than compensate to him for all the political storms and struggles of his life—would to God we had the prospect of another Burke, and  
another,

another, and another still to bless the country and enrich mankind with their counsels.

Ἡμῶν αὐτ' ἀγορὴ νίκας, γέρον. δῖας Ἀχαιῶν  
 Λι γὰρ Ζεὺ τε πατὴρ, καὶ Ἀθηναίη, καὶ Ἀπόλλων  
 Τοιοῦτοι δέκα μοι συμφραδῖμονες εἰσὶν Ἀχαιῶνδ.

If any thing could aggravate the folly, and wickedness of your scurrility to Mr. Burke, it is the opinion you express of his abilities towards the end of his letter. *That madman, that lamentable old man fit only for a strait waistcoat, is found* at the end of your letter to be a Shakspear and an Aristotle. It is a wonder a man of your great attainments did not think of adding a comparison to the full as much if not more appropriate.—He who roused his torpid countrymen to a sense of their danger from Cataline's conspiracy is surely a proper object of comparison with Mr. Burke. Tacitus, gives the following character of that great man.

“ Ad Ciceronem venio cui eadem pugnâ cum æqualibus suis fuit, quæ mihi vobiscum est; illi enim antiquos mirabantur—ipse suorum, temporum eloquentiam anteponebat. Nec ullâ re magis ejusdem etatis oratores præcurrit quam judiciô. Primus enim excoluit orationem, primus & verbis delectum adhibuit, & compositioni artem, locosq. lætiores attentavit, & quasdam sententias invenit, utique in orationibus quas *senior jam & juxta finem*  
*vita*

*vita composuit, id est postquam magis profecerat usuq. & experimentis didicerat, quod optimum dicendi genus est."*

Such was the language which an ancient writer applied to an ancient Burke—but though the times display a rival worthy of Cicero, I fear we have yet to look, and unhappily in vain, for the counterpart of Tacitus.

But though we have not a Tacitus, we have a Zoilus and a Therfites too in Mr. Miles, with as much as is bad of that detestable monster of Homer's brain, *Achilles*.—*Achilles ferox, iracundus, acer*. The rest is wanting in our modern—for all the abominable malevolence of the brute of antiquity, sunk before the grey hairs, and venerable sorrows of the childless Priam.

There is but little more wanting to fill up the measure of your character, and make it over-run—Stay in London! write more!—I can hardly wish such a man a better fate—your friends perhaps (if you have any) will recommend to you a retreat, where like a salmon, with its head under a weed, your best comfort may be the hope, that you remain unnoticed. In that case, let me offer you a Popish recipe of sackcloth and ashes.—Depart, fly, spider, to your cobweb; there waste away the sad remnant of your life in shame and sorrow,  
and,



and, if you can, in Repentance.—Consume your days, and your nights in contrition and prayer for forgiveness. Fly from a world where the felicity of your fellow creatures tempts you to add a diurnal increase to the burthen of your offences. Remember, that when an all-just God protracts the term of impunity, he offers the alternative of amendment or aggravated vengeance; and profit, if you can, by the offer.

I know that little of either shame or repentance, is to be expected from those who are rather content to want honesty than importance, and rather choose to avow their improbity, than dispense with the indulgence of their malice. In such men, however, the deficiencies of conscience are amply supplied by the exceedings of envy: From the happiness of mankind, they draw more than the torture, without the benefit of contrition; and, contrary to general dispensation, purchase eternal misery at the price of temporal punishment. For those who wander from the path of rectitude, at the solicitation of the natural passions and appetites, and who, in their crimes, seek rather their own enjoyment than the annoyance of their fellow creatures, pity will find a tear, and piety a prayer. But when a man acts upon the principle of unqualified misanthropy, and apportionates his

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malice

malice exactly to the worth and virtues of its object to pity him would be to partake of his vice, and to pray for him would be impious.—Yes—Yes! to refuse abhorrence to such a man, would be to war against humanity and against heaven—he must then be consigned to condemnation—and as we ought not to wish him a less, so we cannot possibly wish him a greater curse, than the disappointment of his schemes, and the company of his own reflections.—MAY THEY EVER BE HIS FATE!

SARPEDON.

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